

The Omen



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The Omen

Volume 13, Number 2
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Jacob Chabot.....	The Cat in the Hat
Wade Stuckwisch.....	The Once-Ler
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Jason Wilder Kenschak.....	Horton the Elephant
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Contributors

Sean Green
Tom O'Conner
Ben Tevelow
Michael Zole

"I'm gonna
use my cock
as a seam
ripper."

-Stirling McLaughlin

Submit to us ...

The *Omen* accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michael Pierce** (C-411, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Jacob Chabot (B-308, x4445). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely **non-partisan** forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors' alone.

EDITORIAL

Little Things That Piss Me Off

by Jacob Chabot

You probably all remember that Axxess party from a few weeks back, or not, seeing as how you might have been drunk/stoned/some combination of the two. Anyway, this party started at around four in the afternoon by blaring loud music from the quad, consisting mostly of hippie-funk. Now I'm not going to say that the music was bad, as that is merely a matter of taste (I did not like it. So there.), but it was inescapable. The music was set up in the Merrill quad and permeated the whole area. I could feel the bass vibrations in my walls and floor in my room on B-3. **When I closed my window, I could still hear it, clear as a bell.** I could still hear it at a volume that was louder than I normally

use my stereo. And my stereo usually plays music I like.

And all this for what? So about a dozen or so people could mill around the speakers and pretend that the party had started? It was four in the afternoon, for the love of Mike!! It wasn't even the live band yet! When you have your first hall meeting every year, one of the things they push on you is that you shouldn't blast music from the dorms into the quad. I'm assuming that's because there may not be people out there who want to hear what you have to play. So, why should the quad be able to blast music into the dorms? Keep your damn parties to yourself!

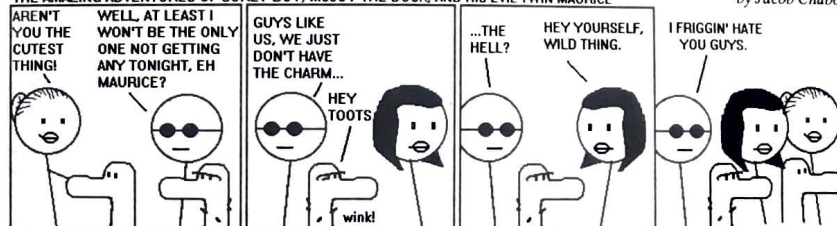
What's this I hear now? The activists from last year who managed to get themselves an institutionally designated mod (that means it is mandatory, like allergen reduced housing) are

now crying for an office? What happened to the whole, "If we get a mod, we can use it as a nexus for all activist activities" plan? "Oh, we can't meet there. We live there." **Sounds to me like somebody just bypassed the mod lottery and got a slick little mod all to themselves** (Well, actually, that is what happened, huh.). They already have an activist hall as well. How much space do they need in order to plan their awareness raising activities? Where will they stop? When they've taken over the world?!

Okay, this one doesn't really piss me off, it's more like an observation. Has anyone seen a *Forward* lately? As I write this, me neither. Hee hee.

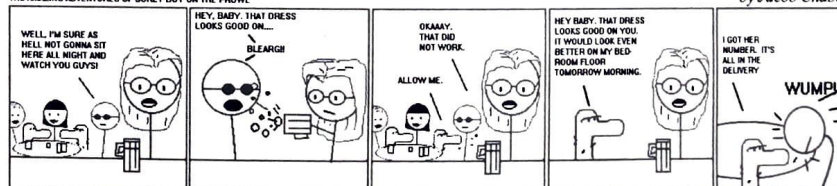
THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY, MCCOY THE DUCK, AND HIS EVIL TWIN MAURICE

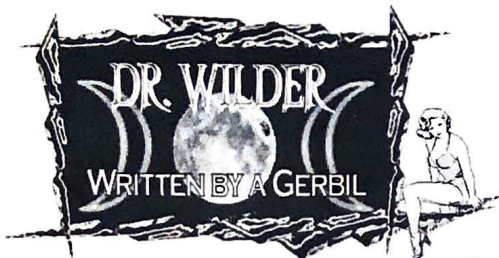
by Jacob Chabot



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY ON THE PHONE

by Jacob Chabot





Blatantly Inappropriate

by J. Wilder Konschak

I'm not sure if you've been in the Dakin Quad recently, but I'm quite sure that you have failed to notice the newly paved walkway that cuts across it. It sections off sad, stranded little eggs of grass. That wasn't there last year. That was a fact. So was that. So is this: while you and I were doing summer things, Hampshire saw a footpath worn into the grass, and saw fit to lay black-top over it.

Now you and I have to walk across the grass somewhere else.

At home, my dogs did the same thing. They used to walk through the center of the backyard so often that they beat down a trail. My mother spent a whole summer putting bricks on that trail, so the next summer, the dogs made a path three feet to the left of it. The little bastards simply refused to walk on the bricks.

"Stupid animals!"

No, no, no, *no-no*.

Hampshire students aren't stupid. We just . . . think outside the lines. We're eccentric geniuses. And, for that matter, so are my two miniature schnauzers. The same ones that bark at snow. They simply see a danger you and I are missing.

And like them, we Hampshire students are institutionally, chronically inappropriate. Now, yes, perhaps I'm the only one who refuses to walk on the pavement. Perhaps it's only me, with my Cheyenne medicine bag, walking lines in the gravel. After all, the kid who lived in my room last year—he said I looked like a camp counselor. Maybe I'm just an inherent trailblazer. Maybe it's part of my genetics. Or maybe *everyone* here

refuses to do things how they should, and I'm just one of the crowd.

None of us have any room to criticize. When my dorm room still belonged to that kid, that kid who criticized me about camping, one of his friends pissed on his mattress. That pee-mattress later became mine. That was so very Hampshire of him. He forgot that peeing is for the bathroom; sleeping is for the mattress. He peed on my bed; he slept beside the toilet. We don't walk on pavement, we don't pee in bathrooms, we don't get grades in school, and here I am, reporting an actual campus event in the *Omen*.

"Extree! Extree! They Paved A New Little Path In Dakin Quad!"

I have a class where students scream and curse at each other about Shakespeare. People aren't supposed to go apeshit about Shakespeare. People aren't supposed to bitch about petty problems in the middle of lit class. If people have something dumb to complain about, people are supposed to submit to the *Omen*.

"To everything, turn, turn, turn—there is a season, turn, turn, turn—and a time to every purpose under Heaven."

It's blatantly inappropriate for me to sing in the middle of an article. But what do I care? It's entirely *appropriate* to read a peer's article from beginning to end—so no one on campus will lower themselves to doing that with this one. They'll be thinking outside the lines. Pioneering. Reading from the middle to the beginning, then skipping to the ending, then looking at the title, then scanning for words like "tit" and "penis," then flipping to find a Surly Boy

cartoon. Why not? This place is *experimenting*.

We will find a better way to read.

We have certainly found a better way to drink. We get drunk, and then we talk about society and relationships. We get drunk, and we yell at each other about Shakespeare. **We get drunk, wander out to a big tree, and swing on a swing.** If we were traditional college kids, we might get drunk and fuck.

Thank God! We know better. And maybe someday Hampshire will pave the walk out to the tree, and we'll have to find somewhere else to swing. Yes! I am! I am utterly thrilled by how utterly incompatible you and I are with the rest of the civilized world.

We are flukes.

We are mutants.

We are freaks.

We are *Darwin's Kids*...

Speaking of that, let me inappropriately advertise for my Intran television show in my *Omen* article. This year, I will be writing and producing an Intran comedy called *Darwin's Kids*. It is a twisted sitcom based on Hampshire College life. If you're interested in participating in the production of this spectacular show (especially small parts, set-design, costuming, advertising, make-up, music, grips, gaffers, lighting, sound, running errands, starfucking,) call me at x4373. Or write me at jerress@hotmail.com.

What an inappropriate ending this sentence is.



News and Booze

by Sean Green

The world is in the hands of fools.

-Talmud

Out of what must have been a purely masochistic impulse, I decided to read the paper today. After finishing the front page it occurred to me that if I was ever going to read the awful thing in its entirety I was going to have to get drunk—very, very drunk.

I have been following the news more and more lately, and am genuinely concerned that it has not nearly so much to do with a desire for information, as it does with perpetuating my own alcoholism. For example: yesterday's article in the *Boston Globe* about UN troops being sent to East Timor necessitated the consumption of about a quart of cheap wine. To wit:

Unlike the UN operation in Bosnia, where forces were hamstrung by limited rules of engagement, the force planned for East Timor has the mandate to use deadly force to stop violence.

-Associated Press

I am sure the reader will recall that deadly force was never used in Bosnia. As everyone knows, the bombs we dropped on Serbian cities did not explode, but rather gave the Serbs a stern talking-to and, in the case of war criminals, a couple of good swats on the backside. That is pretty much all I have to say about this article—I feel that any sarcastic comment about the phrase "use deadly force to stop violence" would be essentially redundant and gratuitous.

"OK," I thought to myself, "I must be over the hump. While there is probably not going to be any

good news, at least it can't get much worse." I had completely forgotten about election season. I don't know to how many of you it has occurred, but barring a political disaster of Biblical proportion, George W. Bush is going to be our next president. For those readers who are not familiar with the nature of the mind and character of old George, I urge you to read the article "Shooting Pushes Guns to Fore in Bush Campaign" (*Boston Globe*, Sept. 17). Actually, don't bother, here is an abridged version: Wednesday in Fort Worth, Texas a man, for reasons unknown, walked into a Baptist Church and opened fire, killing seven people (including children) and wounding seven others before blowing his own brains out. He used two handguns—both of which he obtained legally and was fully justified in concealing thanks to a 1995 bill passed by Bush himself. Here are some highlights from the article:

Asked what government can do to prevent such tragedies, Bush said that the government "can send clear signals that there will be consequences for bad behavior."

-Globe Staff

Consequences for bad behavior! Well, I guess I'll just have to cancel my kill-crazy rampage and subsequent suicide.

After all, I sure don't want to get into any trouble. After reading that line alone I immediately drained my glass, filled it again, drained it, filled it, and continued reading.

"I don't know a govern-

mental law that will put love in people's hearts," Bush said, decrying what he called a "wave of evil."

-Globe Staff

I don't know about you, but personally I couldn't give two shits whether or not people have love in their hearts just so long as they don't have guns in their hands; and I sure as hell can think up a couple of laws that would prevent that. But perhaps I'm being too hard on Governor Bush; after all, it's not his fault that the citizens of his state are shooting each other to death. It's obviously being caused by that "wave of evil" he was talking about. Well, then riddle me this Batman: when is a wave not really a wave? When the presidential front-runner of the most powerful nation on earth has his head so far up his fucking ass that . . . [At this point the author launches into an almost uninterrupted stream of profanity which continues for about half a page. In the interest of not besmirching the good reputation of this fine newspaper, it has been judiciously deleted—Ed.] . . . goat-fucking son of a whore. And so I say to you America (or, rather, to the four or five students who haven't already given up on this article): If you elect this walking cabbage as your president, you deserve absolutely everything you get. Me? I'm planning to move to Sweden.

In conclusion, I would just like to say that I in no way endorse or recommend reading the newspaper, listening to NPR, or watching the news on TV to anyone, ever. Knowing too much about the outside world can have a profoundly negative impact on one's mental and physical health. Close your eyes. Ignorance is bliss.





A True Story Inspired by Death

by Michael "Benni" Pierce

If there was ever a moment when you said to yourself, "This has got to be the end of the world," this was it. Bombs by the hundred were being dropped on the east coast of the United States. Tens of thousands of people scattered towards the interior, although death by radiation poisoning awaited them there. Seven atomic bombs had been detonated. Biological warfare and killer insects had been used. This escalation of war pitted neighbor against neighbor, leaving no one safe.

The fear of death was all around. If one thing didn't kill you, another surely would. But among the confusion, the smoke, and the innocence lost, stood 2 forms. Embraced in each other's arms, they held on not for dear life, but for a love so dear that to lose it would be a travesty beyond death.

"Cher, I love you."
"I love you too, Arnie."
And then there was nothing.

Lars lifted his fingers from the keyboard and thought about his words for a while. It wasn't his best work, but in a state of writer's block, anything was better than nothing.

He sighed and looked over at his three bestselling books, *Instant Flash of Life*, *Fifty Ways to Kill Yourself*, and *Cooking with Lars*. Each had sold over a million copies, and each was filled with blood, guts, and cannibalistic consumption. However, as he tried to write his new novel based on those same things, something about this new story didn't inspire him the ways the others did. He couldn't think of anything to write about. Two

doomed lovers were just too cliché...

"You know what you are?"
Lars spun his head around. Standing behind him was the woman from the scene he had just written. She looked exactly the way he imagined her to be.

"Cher?"
"Do you know what you are?"
"What am I?"
"You're morbid."
"What?"

"You're morbid—as morbid as they come. You have an unquenchable fascination with death."

"Well, death is the last fully-unexplored frontier. When you die, it's all over."

"How do you know that?"
"I don't—which proves my point."

"Ah—ha." He looked around.
"Wait . . . if I'm so morbid, then how do you explain my stories where love wins out in the end?"

"Hallucinatory drugs."
"Excuse me?"
"You heard me. You're probably hallucinating this whole conversation as we speak."

"Why do you say that?"
"Because I'm naked."
"So?"
"And I'm attracted to you."
He thought about this for a moment.

"So?"
"And my loins are dripping wet with the thought of your masculine touch."

"Reading erotic novels again, are we?"

"Not me . . . it's your hallucination . . . I'm only here as a representation of your subconscious."

"Are you telling me that I'm hallucinating just like Mulder and Scully did in that one episode of the X-Files where the mountain of LSD-producing mushrooms trapped them in hallucinations so that it could digest them without either one noticing?"

"Yeah . . . sort of."
"Cool."
"It's amazing that even in your own hallucination you can't get laid."

And she was gone. Lars sat there, stupefied by the vision. One of the advantages of being a good writer was having a great imagination, but that was ridiculous. And if that was only his imagination at work, then what was he trying to tell himself?

Lars laid back in seat, sighed, and then readjusted himself. He rolled back up to his keyboard, cracking his fingers in order to prepare them to type. He placed his right hand on the mouse, clicked on "Edit," "Select All," and then, with one swift swipe, he pressed "Delete," and there was nothing again.

Although the spring harvest of "Joobleberries" was still ten days away, the inhabitants of "Happy Acres" worked like busy bees. And as they did this, they sang a tune that kept each of them smiling as they put their blood, sweat, and tears into the soil. The creatures of the forest watched them worked, and helped when they could. Fluffy bunnies and graceful deer were among the flock, keeping a good eye on nature's natural helpers.

At night, they all got together

continued on next page

"Look, he's Superman!"

by Ben Tevelow

Look, he's Superman!" was the second to last in a series of very loud and sarcastic comments made by a group of people at the showing of *The Matrix* on Saturday night. The last comment was simply "Boo." As my friend Lane would say, "These people all need to go and die in a big hole." At this point in my article, before I really go off, I would like to point out that this article is not only about Hampshire students. Although I am using Hampshire students as an example, I am not writing about how people at Hampshire suck. I am writing about how people in general suck. Alright—now for the fun stuff.

The Matrix was the most sought after movie showing I have seen so far on this campus. I got there at 6:20 for a 7:00 show, and by 6:45 people were lining up outside the doors to try and get in. So why the fuck did these people show up early to see a movie they don't like? The only reason I can think of is to make the experience as unenjoyable as possible for the people who do like to see the movie. Furthermore, at least some of

the people yelling through the movie already knew before they arrived that they didn't like it. The "Look, he's Superman" line, for example, was yelled before Keanu Reeves actually took off flying through the air. Logical conclusion? The jackass who yelled that particular phrase had seen the movie before, didn't like it, and didn't care that there were a bunch of people who do like it who didn't get to see it because Mr. Pretentious Movie Critic was wasting space.

If any of you reading this were one of the perpetrators involved, I would like you to know that you suck. **You are rude, selfish, self-important assholes who need to get over your three-year-old mentality** that people who don't know you actually care what you think. Particularly when you are trumpeting out these thoughts in the middle of a movie the rest of us would like to actually watch and listen to. It's one thing to rent a movie and yell at your TV screen. It is entirely an-

other to go to a public showing and yell at the screen. I am not a proponent of silence in movie theaters. If something's funny, go ahead and laugh. But don't try to be clever and witty, because nobody cares. We just want to relax and have fun. We don't care about your opinions, we don't want to hear about your opinions, and we don't want to know how far up your ass you had to shove your head to find your opinions. That said, I am sure that at least some of you are usually halfway decent people, and chances are I am being unfair to assume that you are always so obnoxious. I apologize if any of you were only temporarily jackasses on Saturday. Alright, that's enough for this week's rant.

On a completely different note, I'm not sure if I'm going to keep writing these *Omen* articles. I personally think that the last two I've written have been pretty horrible, but I've also had a couple of people tell me that they liked them. If you have an opinion on the matter, please send it to box 1105. Anonymous responses are welcome. If any of you say something really interesting, maybe I'll print it.

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for a great pre-harvest feast. The songs continued as each and every person in "Happy Acres" brought with them a scrumptious edible delight for all to enjoy. The songs went something like this:

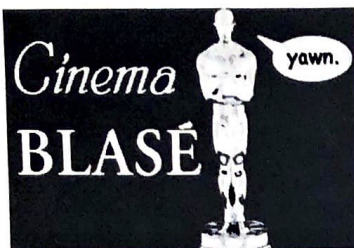
*Happy we are, happy we be,
Near or far, wherever we see,
A very happy face greets me
Without a grunt or a snarl!!*

Spilled Milk with an AK47

The party continued into the night, and everyone made merry. Flasks of the best ale were passed around, as were hugs and kisses. If happiness were a drug, then these people grew it in abundance and shared it with each other for free. The Moon soon appeared and smiled on them from above. It was the most joyous site ever bestowed upon God's green Earth.

Lars smiled. His inspiration had finally hit him.

It was about midnight. Drunken and tired, Cher, one of the many happy members of "Happy Acres," realized where she was, pulled out an AK47, and laid each one of her brothers and sisters to rest before shooting herself in the head. Mother Nature never knew what hit her.



by Wade Stuckwisch

Hi. I'm Wade, and I have no fucking idea who you are. Hopefully you have no idea who I am, because I'd hate to think that the Hampshire community is forming opinions about me from my *Omen* submissions. It's actually a huge paranoid fear of mine, like the fear that Donald in the dining commons will some day kill me. But enough about that.

First, an introduction to this article I'm writing. You may notice, because you of course read the *Omen* regularly from cover to cover, that this article may parallel in structure a certain four-page epic in the last *Omen* written by a certain Gus Andrews. This article is, in essence, what she gets for leaving a file with her article in it on my computer. Gus Andrews (or "Good Ol' Gus" as she likes to be

Wade's Sixth Sense

called) has many strong opinions about the *Omen*. Gus Andrews also used to be the editor of the legitimate school newspaper, "The Forward." Personally, I have always seen that as a slight conflict of interests, or at least a sign of a certain journalistic slant that I have always personally found rather un-*Omen*. But that's just me. Plus, I've been way too mean to Gus lately so enough about that.

I, as a long-time *Omen* reader and contributor, would advise you all to ignore any sentiment which addresses what the *Omen* should and should not be, unless it sounds like something that should be in a Tristain Tzara manifesto. The *Omen* is a fish! Googly Moogly! Ha ha.

-Wade Stuckwisch

Here's my basic primer on Hampshire: don't even try. Go with what they throw at you. If

Lynn Miller tells you to revise A, B, and C in your NS Div I, do it and thank him for his time. Follow your dreams until you run into a wall, then lower your standards. Failure is the best revenge. Harvard chose that we did not go to it. To some extent you can do whatever you want, but if you try to fly off Dakin J without assistance you will fall to an entertaining death in the quad. Somebody wrote, "WE CAN DO WHAT WE WANT" on a wall last year, and my only regret in my life is that I never wrote, "... WITH OUR RICH PARENTS' MONEY" underneath. **Dreams are good. Reality, on the other hand, sucks. I suggest the first thing you learn here is how to deal with that.** Save the dreams for bedtime.

The first thing you'll want to get cracking on is developing some social skills. I got all my Div I's done in the required four semesters, but I still have trouble saying "hi" to people on the path to the library. Being an anti-social dweeb in high school may have prepared you to hate the system and examine your other alternatives, but it hasn't prepared you to take advantage of all the cool people who go to this school who you might otherwise never meet. I am obviously not the person to



"I still see Dead People... for the sixth week in a row!"

Dead Booty is Bad Booty

give you advice on social skills, so I will shut up now.

Here's some helpful vocabulary in no particular order:

Non-Diegetic Engendered Trotskyite Post-Modern Problematic Dialectic Anarcho-Syndicalist Tibetan Montage: You may need to learn what some or all of these phrases mean at some point in your college career. Or, you may never need to give a half-shit, depending on what you really want to study. Do not feel pressured to become a Hampshire Student, because there's no such thing. On the other hand, you may not give a shit at first about any of these, but if you can fake your way through a paper about one or more of them you might actually learn something. Do not fear becoming a bit of a Hampshire Student—you can probably handle it. Just be yourself.

R&P Liquors: The closest liquor store to the Hampshire campus. The service is friendly and the selection is excellent, if not perfect. Plus, their shit is never laced and it won't put you on a bad trip (although too much is still a bad thing). Buy a four-pack of Guinness if you've never had it. You'll thank me.

Franklin Patterson: Who cares? Avoid Hampshire history at all

costs for any usage other than recreational. Who gives a shit if you could drink in the Tavern at eighteen in Nineteen Buttfuck Twelve or if Hampshire Halloween used to be soooooo much better five years ago or if Sonic Youth and Nirvana played here back in '90 or if Dean of Student Affairs Bob Sanborn once made SAGA hold dinner in the RCC during a basketball game. Robert Meagher told me in his "Camus" class that the past and the future don't actually exist anyway. You go to Hampshire in the here and now. If you want Hampshire to be something, fucking do it yourself and forget precedent.

4:20: A tradition among cannabis connoisseurs to enjoy a toké or two at 4:20 PM, which grew for the police code for a marijuana bust. Whatever, man. **All I know is any time is a good time for a cold beer.** If you don't know any drug terminology right now, you will learn it quick. By the way, December 5th is the anniversary of the repeal of Prohibition, so if anyone wants to put on a cocktail party that night, please see me.

Ficom: Ficom is Hampshire's official source for free pizza. 80% of your student activities fee will

be spent by someone on food. The funny thing is I'm not even joking.

Emo: An obscure sub-genre of rock that grew out of the punk, hardcore, and indie-rock music scenes. If you didn't know that, or you thought Team Dresch were the bad guys on Pokemon, or if you don't own a single Beastie Boys album, it doesn't matter. Cool people at Hampshire are dorks. It's OK to not be hip to every obscure thing that people you think are cool are into at Hampshire; it's very easy to eventually get into whatever they're into if you want to. The cool people may still refuse to talk to you, but fuck 'em then. (They probably will talk to you... after all, they're dorks, they need friends.)

Tristain Tzara: Who cares? Look it up if you care.

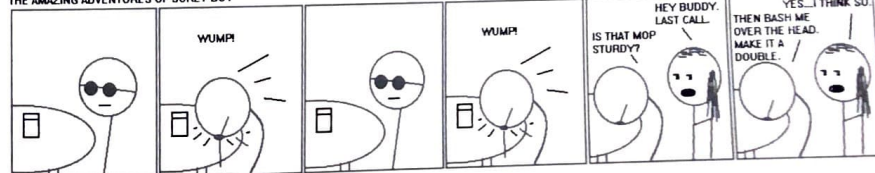
Finally:

This was supposed to be a movie review, so I'd just like to say that I saw *The Sixth Sense* and it was excellent. It was really original and definitely nothing I ever would have expected to be the number one movie in America for six-plus weeks. You should go see it, if it's still playing anywhere. Peace out, kids.



by Jacob Chabot

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY



Money Money Money is All You... Uh-Oh

by Michelle Beach

I hate the Financial Aid office. They are mean, frustrating, and there policies make no sense.

What follows is mainly just a rant, and I don't claim to have all of my facts straight. I realize that the people working in the Financial Aid office have a hard job and are wrongfully hated by many students and parents (most of them, in fact, are very nice) but some things they do just don't make sense. For example, it costs more to go to Hampshire in the fall than it does in the spring. Which makes sense: they charge you for Jan term in the fall so the whole semester should cost more than the spring. But, when giving out financial aid, this difference is not accounted for. Instead, the entire award is cut in half. **Wouldn't it make more sense to divide the award according to the varying cost of each semester?**

This cutting in half generally isn't a problem. The only time you will even notice this is if you plan to be at Hampshire in the fall but not in the spring. Then it becomes a problem. All of the money that you are awarded for the spring disappears. This means that half of any loans that you may take out disappear. Which finally means that you owe more money out of pocket for the fall semester than you would if you had stayed for the whole year (because the spring costs less, you don't need as much of the loans so they are then credited to the remainder of the fall bill—but you have to be here in the spring).

I was lucky enough to be awarded a Johnson Scholarship. This scholarship is supposedly given out so that students can focus more on

their academics and not have to worry about workstudy. However, for the last two years you are at Hampshire, the Johnson Scholarship no longer covers work study. I now have a work study award totaling about 11 hours of work per week. I am in the middle of my Div 3 and would rather spend all of my time working on that than going to some job every other day. How come I couldn't work during my first two years when I actually had time for it?

Which leads me to another problem. Work study earnings are counted as part of your total financial aid award—which is a problem because you can only take out loans for the total amount of your family contribution. The business office likes to be paid in August. However, because financial aid counts the work study money that you haven't earned yet in their offer, it is not possible to pay that to the business office in August when they ask for it. The formula also prevents you from using the work study earnings for other expenses (for example books, travel, food, car insurance, etc.) because your loan cannot cover that portion of the bill.

Another problem with the Financial Aid office is that they rarely talk with the Business office. Financial Aid takes tuition and adds on a bunch of other stuff like travel and books (notice how the extras go down each year as well) and calculates your award from that. However, they don't know the exact cost to go here or the exact amount of your bill. Therefore, as I said, they will only approve loans to the amount of their determined family contribution. This gets to be a problem when you would rather keep the work study money, covering those earnings with a loan. After you find out from the business office how much you owe and take out a loan for that amount, Hampshire, nicely, ap-

proves less, thus leaving an amount unpaid to the business office.

This unpaid amount is part of what is called self-help and the family contribution. Hampshire doesn't seem to take into account whether or not your family can actually contribute to your education or if you can actually afford to contribute the self-help portion without loans. Whatever they decide is what you are stuck with. It seems that you are supposed to be able to work over the summer and earn a sum of money that allows you to contribute meaningfully to your bill.

I've found this to be impossible. For my first two summer I lived at home and had a full time minimum wage job. I was quite lucky to find that as I live in Steubenville, Ohio where there just aren't that many jobs to be found and people don't want to hire full time summer help. So I worked my full time, minimum wage job and didn't spend too much money but still didn't earn enough to contribute meaningfully to my Hampshire bill, especially when I didn't have a work study job during the school year and needed some of that money for other expenses.

Because my summers of working weren't able to contribute to the self help portion of my bill I decided to go to London and work. I had a great time, and, of course, spent more money than I would have if I had stayed home. But staying home and maybe getting a minimum wage job wouldn't have helped contribute to my bill any more than my going to London.

So then there is the family contribution that my parents are supposed to help with. Mine never could and still can't even though they appear to make more money. But because they appear to make more

continued on next page

Gareth is in Reruns

by Gareth "The Evil Twin" Edel

Do you know what happens when you don't turn in an *Omen* article, after saying that you will? Well I know now, and I won't be able to suit comfortably for a while. So here is an article from last year. Sorry I had to give them something or they wouldn't have used a smooth stick. Enjoy.

(Names have been withheld to prevent embarrassment to the victims families, and all similarities to real events or people is intentional but don't get upset...)

My name is Gareth and I am a Hampshire College student. (All the gathered crowd clap and say "Hello Gareth.") I have over three years of association with the college, and have made many unwanted observations to my friends about the life here on campus.

But that is not today's topic. Today's show needs to be started on a hot sweaty ShowTime note. As opposed to the average *USA* network stuff usually in the *Omen*. So today our topic is sex, or the lack thereof, on campus.

Last night I sat in front of my dorm with a friend. Thinking, smoking, the same shit a lot of us do all the time here. As usual I was vastly surprised to see three attractive ladies walk up to my friend—let us call him

Brian (no it isn't his real name). They were smiling. They seemed to know him and I didn't so naturally I assumed he might be getting some. They were dressed nicely, each was cleaned and perfumed. I think it would be fair to speak for Brian and say we both enjoyed the company.

Anyhow, on questioning about their destination in such finery they enigmatically answered "we are goin' Huntin'!" Well to be honest only one said those words but another started jumping up and down giggling in excitement. My curiosity was peaked.

"Hunting?"

"Yeah, we are going to go find a kegger over at (insert campus name here) and get some BOOTY. We'll find some guys and get laid."

To be entirely honest I am probably paraphrasing because the only specific words I remember were "get BOOTY" and "laid" but I am certain of the meaning.

Then the worst. They complained "there are no men here..." speaking to two men she said there was no one to have sex with at Hampshire.

Now I am a fool, but wasn't it possible she was speaking to two men who could have been interested? Why

imagine doing it living where I do. I know some people's parents can afford to contribute to their education, but mine can't. Because of this, I need loans to cover the self help, the family contribution and the work study portion of the bill. However Hampshire doesn't seem to realize this. When calculating my award they

did she need to go off campus for men—for dance classes or astronomy I understand it but to get men?

The truth is all to often in our advanced, liberal, postmodern society here at Hampshire we do fall into traditional cultural trends. I have almost never seen a young woman walk up to a man she did not know and start talking to him. Who knows, maybe right behind my back there are women propositioning guys all the time. I could simply be unpopular... I wouldn't disagree if that was your answer. But I don't think that explains it. No matter how fat, ugly, and poorly endowed I was, one of the handsome guys I know would have mentioned having been asked out by a woman. Instead the women go off campus to parties get drunk and let guys the don't know hit on them. Take the offensive position.

So this is my plea to the women of Hampshire. Grab the nearest guy, don't prove to Amherst or UMass guys that Hampshire Men are (insert derogatory word- expletive deleted). Let the men here know you want sex. Ask us out, walk up and start a conversation. What is the big deal. Don't just put yourself out there for off campus frat boys who are drunk and horny, find the "balls" to ask a guy you know here out. Or go there and ask out a drunk frat boy. It would still be a good change.

don't take this into account. When approving my loans they don't take this into account.

One more thing. If you don't pay your bill before you graduate, the school will withhold your transcripts and diploma until you do. Not a problem unless you need them for, say, getting into graduate school.



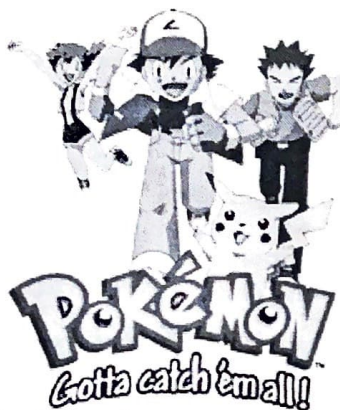
Pokémon! and some other stuff too

by Jacob Chabot

It's fall again, and the new TV season is beginning. Everybody is looking forward to new episodes of the *Simpsons* and *X-Files* and whatever else it is you watch, *Everybody Loves Raymond* or whatever. But what everybody seems to overlook is the new season of Saturday morning cartoons! When I was a kid, this was a big deal. Every morning they'd hype up all of these new shows, showing sneak peaks here and there, most of which would last only one season, like one of my favorite cartoons when I was a kid, *Galaxy High*. The cartoon world can be a cut-throat one and if you blink, you'll miss something. Let's see what's on these days.

Pokémon (WB)- You'd have to be living under a rock to have not heard of this phenomenon that's sweeping America. It was the game that saved Nintendo from obscurity. Then it was turned into a cartoon that gave kids seizures in Japan. Then came the merchandise explosion. Then it came to America. But behind all of the merchandise and hype is a cool little story. The cartoon follows the journey of a boy named Ash, who goes out into the world to become a master Pokémon trainer. In the world Ash inhabits, Pokémon is a way of life. The people have developed a system that everybody seems to follow where all disputes are solved by battling with trained (impossibly cute) monsters called Pokémon. For some reason, (probably so the names of these 150 odd monsters would be easy to memorize) they can only communicate by saying their name over and over.

For example, if Nixon was a Pokémon he would say things like "Nixon Nix Nixon Nil!" Some compete on a professional level in tournaments. It's an entirely different society wrapped up in a *Wizard of Oz* type journey through a fantasy world. When I saw *The Iron Giant* in the theatre, they had a preview for a Pokémon movie. The crowd popped with dozens of kids all saying, "Pika Pika!" It was deafening,



We're taking the world by storm! Whee!

almost scary, but somehow exciting. Jump on the bandwagon while you can.

Batman Beyond (WB)- I am jaded against this cartoon because it's taking attention away from the best cartoon of all time, *The New Batman Superman Adventures*. It's about the future of stuff. Bruce Wayne is old and grey and has quit being Batman. He had built a robotic suit that gives him special powers, like super strength and invincibility, to prolong his crimefighting career, but he got to the point where he almost had to use a gun to save himself. Batman

doesn't like guns and that scared him. Enter this new hotheaded kid, Terry McGuinness. His father is killed in an industry cover up, finds out Bruce Wayne is Batman, steals the suit, saves the day—Bingo! Instant new Batman. The feel of the show is very different from the film noir/art deco feel of *Batman/Superman*. This show is a lot slicker looking with booming techno music, giving it a futuristic quality. But the plot falls into a formula at times. New futuristic villain shows up. Bruce and Terry investigate. Bruce doesn't think Terry can handle it alone. Terry gets impulsive and does something rash that almost kills him but ultimately saves the day. Both guys learn a lesson from the other. The end. Every once in a while, something really cool happens. In one episode, it's revealed that Mr. Freeze's head is still around. With the future technology, he's cured and reformed. Then something bad happens. The whole episode is an excellent dive into Mr. Freeze's character. Another episode started off with big golems made out of earth, which I thought was just going to be a rebirth of Clayface. But, it turned into a horror theme, with the main villain being a mummified corpse encased in the ground AND HE DIDN'T EVEN MOVE HIS LIPS WHEN HE TALKED! It was freaky. This show has potential. And I know Superman still has to be alive in the future...

Spider-Man Unlimited (Fox Kids)-Okay, stop me if you've heard this one. In the future, Spider-Man is on this technologically advanced world run by anthropomorphic ani-

mals. Okay, that part is kind of original, but get this. He has a new robotic suit that amplifies his strength and can make him invisible. Maybe they should have titled this cartoon *Spider-Man Beyond*.

Digimon (Fox Kids)- Speaking of Fox Kids and rip offs, a bunch of kids (and I mean a bunch. In the few episodes I saw, I couldn't keep track of them all) fight evil Digimon monsters using their own Digimons. Oh, this show is also anime-ish and is based on a video game. Remember the clues...

Beast Machines (Fox Kids)- Regular networks just don't seem to run cartoons anymore)- **TRANSFORMERS RETURN!** Okay, so there was that whole *Beast Wars* thing, but it was on at seven in the morning and I never saw it. Anyway, this cartoon looks nice. It has some of the best TV computer animation I've seen. It continues the same story line from the original *Transformers* and the subsequent *Beast Wars*. For some reason, four "Autobots" (I don't know what to call them anymore) find themselves on Cybertron (The Transformer's home planet for those of you not in the know) trapped in cyber-organic animal bodies with no memories of what happened. Optimus Prime is good ol' Optimus Prime as an ape. Then there's a hotheaded cheetah, a very rat like rat, and a female spider. **Because they are part animal, they can't transform unless they meditate to calm their emotions. DUMB!** They try to find out what's going on and are continually attacked by thousands of faceless drones. Optimus goes to the main citadel for answers and finds, are you ready for this, Megatron! Yes! Megatron is now

this computer like thing that can kind of turn into a dragon but still hates his beast side(?) He is also controlling the faceless minions to destroy the "Autobots." Boring! Give me bad guys with personality, not mass quantities of cannon fodder. How are they ever going to sell any toys doing this! Then, Megatron and Optimus fight! Double yes!! Unfortunately, I could care less about any of the other characters. They suck. Give me more of the original *Transformers*!

Big Guy and Rusty the Boy Robot (Fox Kids. Boy Fox sure has a lot of new shows. Guess last year really sucked!)- This show is based on the Dark Horse comic written by Frank Miller (*Sin City*, *The Dark Knight Returns*, and *RoboCop 2*) and drawn by Geoff Darrow (*Hard Boiled*, not that any of you would recognize that). Darrow's art is ridiculously detailed and extremely gory and violent, and Miller is not known for his kiddie stuff, so I did not expect much from this cartoon. I was pleasantly surprised. The show is about American hero Big Guy, who everybody thinks is a big robot, but is actually a guy in a suit. He has a Captain America attitude and an Iron Man suit of armor. The Japanese see fit to team him up with their hero, Rusty, who is a gung-ho Astroboy clone. The animation did its best to emulate Darrow's detail. In the opening sequence, Big Guy flies through a sky filled with hundreds of planes and these big guns with lots of gears and gun stuff pop out of his elbows. Pretty swell stuff from a Saturday morning cartoon. It was actually pretty violent too. After Big Guy threw the villain down from the sky, he proceeded to land by the hole the villain made and peppered it with shots from his elbow guns without even checking to see if the villain was still active. This is also one of the only cartoons

I've seen where the characters use guns that shoot actual bullets instead of lasers (the other being *Batman*, which I'll remind you is the best cartoon ever). Unfortunately, this show will probably get the axe as most kids probably aren't familiar with the comic, the creators, or any of the things that the characters reinterpret (Astroboy, 60's Marvel characters, old Godzilla movies, old War movies). **Kids don't want that stuff. Kids want Pokémon. They want to see small, cute creatures locked in mortal combat.**

The Avengers (Fox Kids)- Y'know, I worked at Marvel this summer and I still can't forgive them for these cartoons. First *Spider-Man Unlimited* and now this. *The Avengers* is based on the comic of the same name, EXCEPT the cartoon doesn't include any of the heroes that made the Avengers great. No Captain America, no Iron Man, no Hulk, and no Mighty Thor. Why, they have to stay free in case they get their own cartoons. Now it's just the loser crew of Ant Man (who now has the power to grow as well as shrink. Oh yeah, and talk to ants. Ooh, threatening!), the Wasp (who also has the power to shrink. You need two of those guys), Wonder Man (a Superman clone, only this one is made of ionic energy). The Vision, The Scarlet Witch (with the power to alter probability with her hex bolts. What?!), The Falcon (Token black hero who can fly and talk to his bird. And he flies a jet. Why people, why?) Hawkeye the marksman, and Tigra the tiger woman. This is not the "Elite team of heroes" they advertise. I haven't even seen this show yet and I know it blows.

Music Sucks!

A Sort-of Record Review

by Michael Zole

About a year and a half ago, for reasons you can't possibly give a damn about, I almost completely lost interest in music. ("Poor Zole!", you say.) As an aspiring (read "talentless") musician and owner of some 150 compact discs, I found this deeply disturbing. But no matter how hard I tried to find good new music, very little appealed to me: the major labels were dishing out bubblegum pop and weak rock in the waning tradition of alternative music, while independent labels kept clogging the musical drainpipes with badly-recorded self-important subversives loosely organized into bands. In short, I had nothing to turn to. Perhaps you've been there.

Although I still enjoyed many of my old CDs, I found myself listening to only the catchiest songs, not having the patience to take in a whole album at a time. Somewhere along the line, the glut of musical crap in America (not to mention Great Britain) had whacked my musical appetite in the kneecaps with a stick. So throughout this summer, every one of my musical purchases has been geared towards revitalizing my interest in music for me, and those are some big shoes to fill. I knew it would be a hard goal, but I didn't realize just how hard it would be.


Before I bought Ben Folds Five's *Whatever And Ever Amen*, I spent a good 20 minutes wandering around my local music store, consumed by increasing levels of chagrin. There was a time when I didn't have enough money to sample even a fraction of the mu-

sic that interested me; now I was considering an album that had at least one song, right off the bat, that I didn't like. Not to front on the artistic merit of "Brick," but Ben's sleepy vocals and the groaning double bass don't exactly scream enjoyment. However, I had just been through a nasty breakup, so I was curious about the album's angry number, "Song For The Dumped." Upon hearing the album, I found it was a little of both: some songs made little or no attempt to grab my attention, while others had a mix of good lyrics and listenability that made the piano/bass/drums combo seem highly compelling. A quality album, but not what I was looking for.

My next selection was Cake's 1996 juggernaut *Fashion Nugget*. This is the album most of us at least thought about buying, either for the white boy rap "The Distance" or their cover of the despicable "I Will Survive" which is somehow passable in remade form. It turns out that this is a good, solid album, and the trumpet player is actually a member of the band and not a gimmick. My favorite song is the clever (but not too clever) "Friend Is A Four Letter Word," followed closely by "Stickshifts and Safetybelts" for its use of the word "bucket." It was nice to know that somebody (i.e. Cake) can still make an album that is interesting three years after its release. Again, though, it was not a musical epiphany.

So there I was, \$30 in the hole and still not inspired. I made several more purchases which I won't bother to mention, and I

seemed to be getting off-course. But my search for bullshit-free music ultimately led me to none other than the Bullshit Avenger himself, "Weird Al" Yankovic, and his new album *Running With Scissors*. **Go ahead and laugh, but it turns out that Al is probably one of the smartest guys in the music biz today** (he was a straight-A student and holds a bachelor's degree in architecture), and it really shows in his original songs. The parodies are cool (especially the long-overdue Offspring parody "Pretty Fly For A Rabbi") but for lasting appeal you really can't beat originals like "Your Horoscope For Today." I quote: "TAURUS: You will never find true happiness—what you gonna do, cry about it?" In short, if you haven't heard a Weird Album all the way through, you haven't really heard Al.

That, plus Al's new look (he lost the glasses and moustache) makes *Running With Scissors* my surprise hit of the summer. Did it save my interest in music? Yes and no; although I didn't arrive at Hampshire this fall musically reborn, it's good to remember that music is entertainment and should not always be taken so seriously as to warrant anti-establishment posturing (not to name any names, Pearl Jam). It also fed my impetus as a musician; maybe someday I'll turn on the radio to hear Weird Al singing about food over one of my songs. It's something to think about. 

Time to Make the Donuts

by Tom O'Connor

Dunkin' Donuts. You may think it's a wonderful place. The food tastes good for a good price. Well, I am writing to warn you about the dangers of that very same happy breakfast place. You see, I worked there this summer. It was a tortuous hell which I pray that none of you reading experience (and to those who skipped over and won't read this article—I hope you work there for the rest of your life).

I was the only male employee amongst seven females. I will name them now, and give them funny nicknames making reference to the seven dwarves. There was MaryBeth (Bossy), Nicole (Whiny), Kristen (Slutty), Sam (Flakey), Devan (Hippie), Heather (Mouthy), and Laura (Indulgent). MaryBeth was my boss, and was alright compared to the rest. Nicole was the Assistant Manager, and always had something to complain about, but would never do a god-damn thing about it. Kristen gave head to someone she didn't know in the Dunkin' Donuts parking lot. Sam would often forget what she was saying in mid-sentence. Devan would frequently ask if we could change the pop music station to her mix tape of the Grateful Dead/Janis Joplin. Heather wouldn't shut the fuck up about her own "issues" and "problems." Laura ate everything in sight.

During my 2 1/2 months of working there, Sam (Flakey) developed a crush on me. I found out from Heather (Mouthy). I made the mistake

of telling Heather, and I quote, "Sam is an unattractive moron." Naturally, word got back to Sam. At first, she would ignore me. Then, she would try to let me know that I said that by saying weird things. I asked her one time if she wanted to refill the Coolatta machine, and she said, "I don't know, do you think I can? I know you think I'm an idiot." **It took so much energy to not say, "No, I really don't think you can, ya dumb ho."**


Then, one night, we both had an eight hour shift alone. The night shift. No one ever comes in. So that meant a lot of time with her in awkward silence. So, I made "amends" and told her that I never said such words, and I am not the kind of person to talk about someone behind their back (and if any of you out there know me, you know that is a false statement). In essence, I convinced her that Heather was a conniving bitch. I then spent the next 7 1/2 hours making complete bullshit conversation with her (one topic being that I wanted to get a poem by e.e. cummings tattooed on my calf—she didn't know who e.e. cummings was).

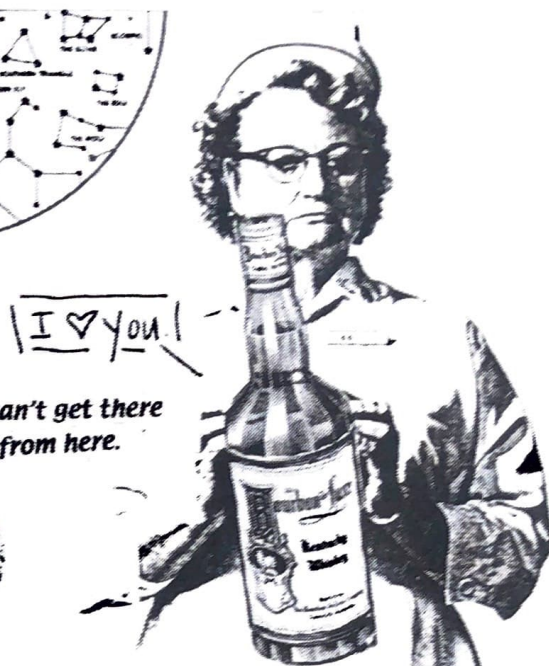
I worked with another girl, Laura, a lot, too. She ate like there was no tomorrow. You see, while working, employees of Dunkin' Donuts are allowed to eat whatever they want for free. When not working, employees get food for half-off. Laura took full advantage of this. In a three hour shift she had, she ate three breakfast

sandwiches and a cinnamon bun. No joke. The odd thing is, she didn't even try to cover it up. We'd be talking or helping customers, and she'd spend half the time by the microwave, preparing the food she was about to wolf down.

Now, about the customers. I live in an area in which there are many old, rich people. They wanted their food prepared in an exact way, and leave dick for a tip. This one bitch would always come in, ask for her usual bagel (the darkest colored wheat bagel, lightly toasted, and "could you put the strawberry jelly on for me, please?"), and her usual coffee (skim milk, not too light, "now that's much too light, honey", with four sweet 'n' lows, and three cubes of ice, because the coffee "is just so darn hot").

The food is horrible. There is no label on the boxes saying what goes into the bacon and ham for the breakfast sandwiches, but on the bulk box of sausage, there is a little label that says, "whole hog." **The coffee and chocolate Coolattas contain more fat than you need in your lifetime**, and I don't even want to talk about the muffins.

So, I beg of you, if you ever go to a Dunkin' Donuts store, please don't buy anything but coffee or a danish. And if you do get a Coolatta, tip the workers heavily (if you don't, they will fantasize about punching you right in the neck). 



**NOW THIS
WON'T HURT A BIT.**

**Eye Ball
Candy**

by Jessica Van Scoy



The Omen Article—a haiku

Jess reads magazines (5)

Instead of writing papers (7)

Or a decent piece... (5)

